## HERBERT VON BISMARCK.

WHAT HE WAS IN LONDON AND WHAT HE IS IN BERLIN.

(PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) Next after the Imperial Chancellor the most interesting personage among German statesmen is his son, Count Herbert von Bismarck, Foreign Minister of the German Empire. He is the rising hope of the Germans; the man to whom they look to continue that imperial policy which his father founded and established; to keep Germany what Prince Bismarek has made her. In the funeral ession of Friday no figure was more remarked. In European politics no Minister is more studied by other Ministers. I suppose even in far-off America, happy enough to cencern itself little with the details of European diplomacy, you may like to know what manner of man he is.

Count Herbert has long been known in London, where he was for some years secretary to the German Embassy. He was a favorite in society. The liking of Englishmen for Germans is, as a rule, subject to qualifications. Both in politics and in their personal relations there has long been a kind of friction between these two peoples, so closely connected by race and by their rulers. Perhaps the prejudice which sprang up when the House of Hanover first came to the throne has never died away. No nation really likes being governed by foreign kings and queens. The English have visited this natural resentment on the people from whom for nearly two hundred years they have borrowed their kings and queens. They make exceptions, but then they like a man, not because he is a German, but in spite of his being German. Count Herbert von Bismarck was one of the exceptions. Remark also that he went to London at a time when England was getting ready to give up her long coquetry with France, and revert to her natural ally. The English Minister who most decisively turned his face to Germany was perhaps Lord Rosebery, when he held, for all too brief a period, the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's last Government. And it happens that Lord Rosebery and Count Herbert are intimate friends. The beginnings of the change go further back; as far as the Congress of Berlin in 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield was indebted in no slight degree to Prince Bismarck for his victory over Prince With all this-all his popularity and all the

tendencies of the times-I am not sure that London took Count Herbert very seriously. His reputation there was for a long time a social reputation. "smart" world laid hold of him. He belonged, not exclusively, but still belonged, to a One of his nearest friends was the present Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Castlereagh was not then supposed to occupy himself with politics or to cherish political ambitions. He and his beautiful wife loved the life which so many others in England, high in rank and social position-two things which by no means always go togetherand caring much for amusement, have always led. In their company, and much other like it, the young German was to be seen at races, at parties, in Rotten Row, at Four-in-Hand meets, at the clubs most frequented by the most gilded English youth, at the smartest houses in town and country alike, whether in England or Scotland. That he was during this butterfly period quietly devoting himself to real work may be guessed. He had been the same, or something like it, in Berlin, before he In that sedate capital, too, came to London. Count Herbert-or rumor is a more idle gossip than usual-had found means of enlivening his Whether in London, or Berlin, or elsewhere, this butterfly period passed. After he had quitted England his English friends began to perceive that he had destined himself for a serious career. His father had discovered his real abilities. He was sent to the Hague as Minister; a quiet place, with little to do, unless you elieve with the French, who will believe anything, that the all-grasping Chancellor was then meditating the absorption of the Netherlands into the German Empire. The Hague, in any case, was a spot from which it was possible for a young man to study Europe and fit himself for the great duties which lay before him. I had met Count Herbert von Bismarck in

London, and I had a desire to see him in Berlin in a position and circumstances so totally unlike those of London. He was so good as to lend himself to this wish of mine. If I were to adopt the phrase of the Germans, who take an official and even solemn view of whatever happens in connection with the official world, I should have to pay that I had an audience of the German Foreign Minister. The Foreign Office adjoins the Palais Radziwill, where father and son live together. Count Herbert made an appointment to see me at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. When I gave my name to the concierge at the gate, I found one more proof of that omazing thoroughness with which here in Berlin the least details are worked out. I have had many appointments during the last week with official personnges to whom, under the aegis of the one who became my protector, I had to apply for those favors without which a lournalist is helpless. In no case did I ever arrive without finding that my errand had been explained beforehand. In the same way I perceived that the concierge, and then the ushers in the outer chamber, and then some other higher official, knew that I was coming, and I was passed on from one to the other without a question or any delay. 'His Excellency is engaged with the French Ambassador but will receive you in a moment," was the final message which met me on the threshold.

The threshold was an anteroom where sat two French officers in full uniform, and their presence denoted that it must be General Billot, the special envoy from France sent to attend the Emperor's funeral, who was closeted with the Minister. He came out in five minutes or so: a short, broad, smiling man, with as much gilt lace and as many decorations as it was possible for one man of his superficial area to carry on his person. The smiles, the orders, the bows, the civil speeches he addressed to the Minister, who came out with him, the general glitter of his appearance and amiability of his manner-what could all these mean if not friendly relations between France and Germany? But not on such civilities do the friendships of nations depend. If you do not care about General Rillot, albeit a soldier of distinction in his own land, accept him as a contrast, not unkindly, to the more famous German who towers above him. Count Herbert is all in black, morning costume, not a decoration of any kind, not a touch of color, except the gold pin that fastens his black He stands well over six feet. like his father is broad and strong and soldierly in bearing. Dark brown hair and dark brown flashing eyes and sweeping dark brown mustache. Straight, strong features, the wide forehead of his father, the Prince, full at the temples like his-these are the things that He begins talking at once, and in English;

another point of resemblance to the Prince, whose English is racy and idiomatic, though less fluent than the son's, who has lived in England to some purpose. This talk went on for an hour, with hardly an interruption, and this it is which I should like to repeat to you, but must not, except here and there a sentence. But the impression of it as a whole on the hearer—that I may describe, and it confirms all I have heard in London and here in Berlin of the transformation in Count Herbert. He is, in fact, Foreign Minister and something more. He is Prince Bismarck's right hand, and chief of staff. "My father likes me to help him"-that was his own account of the matter, in the simple, direct speech, going straight to the mark, which characterizes these two men; them, and few other Germans. There can be no doubt what this means. The Imperial Chancellor is training his son in the business of governing the German Empire. What a business, and what training! I don't imagine that the Chancellor spares his son more than he spares others under m; probably less; and people in Berlin will tell you that the Iron Minister has used up men by the score. What is certain is that he never spared There is no hour of day or night when you may not find him at work. One of the afficiuls nearest him in official rank was asked to

dine by a diplomatist. "I cannot," he answered, "I regret to decline, but I am obliged, since I have been in the Foreign Office, to make it a rule PICTURES OF THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES ENto refuse invitations except to Court. I never know at what moment I may be wanted." business of the State before everything-that is

the motto in Germany.

What I heard from such persons likely to know as I have met here is that Count Herbert, who began late, has developed the most extraordinary apiitude for work, and especially for that varied and difficult work which has been his father's for so long a time and which can only be called governing an Empire. It is sometimes said in England that next after the Prime Minister, the most powerful man in the kingdom is the Prime Minister's private secretary. He knows everything, he is in all the secrets, his influence with his chief must be decisive on a vast number of questions, personal questions especially. Well, Count Herbert is Prince Bismarck's private secretary, in this English sense, as well as his colleague in the Ministry. The conduct of foreign affairs, which is his special department, is, of course, shared with the Chancellor, who, indeed, may be said to be for many purposes sole Minister. Cabinet, in the English meaning of the word, there is none An English Prime Minister may be, and sometimes is, voted down in his own Cabinet. The imagination refuses to picture Prince Bismarck as the here of such a scene. He is much more in the position of the President of the United States, with a group of able clerks about him, adorned with the title of Cabinet Ministers. The will which impresses itself on Germany is the will of a single man. For the dispatch of business nothing could be more convenient than this confidential relation of father and son. "You can have no idea," said an Ambassador, "how quickly things are done in the Berlin Foreign Office. It is only because Count Herbert is so close to the Chancellor, knows his mind, knows what he wants and does not want, and can and does, if in doubt, consult him instantly." I heard from Count Herbert himself a sort of converse to that remark. He was speaking of Mr. Pendleton. "We see much less of him here at the Foreign Office than we should like. Our relations with your country are so friendly that the interests of Germany and America require little discussion, and Mr. Pendleton is a man of business, and the discussion is soon over.' And I heard with pleasure, which all Americans will share, that Mr. Pendleton's diplomatic reputation and social position in Berlin were alike all that he or we could wish. Of America, Count Herbert von Bismarck spoke

in the tones of that friendship which is traditional in German diplomacy. With him, at any rate, it is also hereditary, for Prince Bismarck has often expressed it-yes, and proved it more than once spoke of the five millions Germans in America-nay, he was more accurate than that-" nearly five millions" was his phrase-with a double affection; they were both his countrymen and ours. He spoke of the late Emperor and the present; of his father; of his own friends in England; of the tributes that had come from abroad to the memory of the late Emperor, which he warmly acknowledged; and of many other things, all which I must pass over in silence The stream flowed on full and strong for an hour. He sat at his great desk in the large audience and business room-for it is both in one-masses of preent-looking papers about him: affairs pressing; but all the while talked with his whole mind and with complete absorption in the one subject that occupied him for the moment. He resembled in that every very able man I have ever met. There can be perhaps no very able man in public life deficient in that power of entire concentration of thought. What he had to say he said with the energy, the deep sincerity which alone makes any serious talk ever effective. Once or twice as he turned in profile the almost hidden mouth and the curves of the sculptured chin had a likeness to Napoleon's-the real Napoleon's. A deep fire burned in the dark brown eyes. He used words in a way which few foreigners ever attain to,-the Emperor's malady, for example, was " such a cow-

Over and over again, I thought as I listened and looked-Who would recognize the Herbert Bismarck of English drawing-rooms of a few years ago? Great duties, great responsibilities have sot their scal upon him, elevated his character, brought out his inner qualities and capacities, the transcendent genius, the commanding nature and gifts of his father. Time will show, and Count Herbert is still young. But this I will say, that after having met most of the first men in Europe, it seems to me the list has now to be enlarged to include the name of Count Herbert von Bismarck. I saw him on such terms that for the liberty I take in this account of my visit, I owe him excuses. If he will remember that, whether in private or public, he is a great figure in the Imperial life of Germany, yet still unfamiliar to those in America for whom I write, he will,I trust, forgive my indiscretions. G. W. S.

STREET NAME THAT NEEDS CHANGING THE CONFUSION THAT BRIDGE-ST. IN BROOK-LYN CAUSES-A STRIKING MISNOMER.

There is one street in Brooklyn the name of which anot be changed too quickly. It seems strange that a change has not been made before this time. name of the street is Bridge. It is a bad name, because, in the first place, it doesn't now and never did mean anything in connection with any bridge-at least, not with any that any body in the present gen eration knows anything about; and in the second place, it leads to continual confusion and misunderstanding. This is the case for the reason that both of the elevated roads now running in Brooklyn have stations at Bridge-st, and on almost every train coming down town there are passengers who, when "Bridge st." is called out, think that they have reached the point where they must leave the train in order to take the cars on the Brooklyn Bridge. The guards are constantly telling strangers that they have not yet got to the Bridge, and, in fact, some of them have grown so weary of setting people right in this matter, that they add to the usual call "Bridge-st.," the words, "Not the Brooklyn Bridge." On the Brooklyn Elevated road the trouble is not so great, for if a passenger intending to go to the Bridge gets off at Bridge st., he is only three or four blocks away from his destination. But if you alight at Bridge-st, from a train in

fact that is likely to prove embarrassing in most case The suggestion is made that the trouble on the Brooklyn Elevated line might be avoided by simply abandoning the Bridge-st. station, or, rather, removing it. At present it is little used; less that any other station on the road by far. It is really scarcely needed at all. But what is needed is a station that will land people reasonably near the Navy Yard. That would be a real public convenience and meet a real public want. The idea, then, would be to abolish the Bridge-st. station, and move it to the point nearest the Navy Yard, which would be in York-st., just be fore the curve into Hudson-ave. is made. The new station could be called either the York-st. station, or the Hudson-ave, station. There is no doubt that it would be largely patronized. At present there is no direct way of conveyance from the Bridge or from Fulton Ferry to the Navy Yard, although many people wish that there were. The change here proposed would meet this lack, and, besides, it would prevent passengers from leaving the elevated trains at the

wrong place. But while this would put an end to the confusion on one of the elevated lines, it would do nothing for the trouble in Myrtle-ave. It seems that that can only be stopped by changing the name of the street. There is a commendable prejudice against changing the names of long-established streets without good reason. The general opinion is that this should not be done to gratify any body's whim or prejudice. No one but a New-York Alderman would ever have thought of wiping out the historic name of Chathamst. because there was a notion that it interfered with the business there carried on, and that Park Row the business there carried on, and that Park Row sounded better and would give the street an air of respectability that it did not otherwise possess. But where the reasons for a change are sound and strong the authorities ought not to hesitate to take the necessary action. There was no objection to Bridge-st. before there was a bridge, even if the name was meaningless, as it most certainly was; but in view of the situation here described, the need of a change is imperative. Bridge-st, is net only a misnomer, but it will continue to be the source of endless confusion and embarrassment. If Mayor Chapin is looking for a subject on which to write a letter that will give general public satisfaction, here is one ready to hand.

The women are smarter than the men, say what you will. The women do not leave their money in sample rooms. When they go sampling they operate with distinguished success and without the expenditure of a cont.—(Boston Transcript.

THE DISS DEBAR

GAGED IN HER TRIAL.

The Diss Debar has already made up her min does not hurt a bit worse to be hung for an old sheep than it does for a lamb, whereas if there be any chance to escape at all, it is likely to appear to the old sheep first. She meets the issue with the boldest, calmest nerve that ever stood by a charlatan in his hour of need, and having deceived and imposed upon Mr. Luther R. Marsh, she actually starts out to hoodwink the whole town, judge, press, people and all. Those pictures, she says, were painted by spirits from another world—that is her defence, and she has evidently con-

vinced her lawyers that if it be not a good one, it is at least the best they can present. Lawyer Howe, her prosecutor, on the contrary, declares that she stole the ctures from the late Mr. Lowenherz and even hints that the circumstances of Mr. Lowenherz's death suggest poison. Against all this, the woman stands as gest poison. Against an initial service as a summer day, as placid as a pool, and says, "No; I am a medium of the Deity. I suffer for His sake. I look to Him for my vindication from those persecutions. They were spirit hands that painted those pictures." The spirit hands, however, had evident access to ordinary oil paints and their work will be brought into court next week.

Man, say the moralists, is essentially a religious animal. They mean, I suppose, that he knows that he doesn't know much, that he can do very little, that the presence of all he sees about him is convincing as to the existence of an intelligence and a power superior to his, and that the sentiment of reverence for superior-ity is natural and universal. This is a creed upon which Pagan, Mussulman and Christian alike may stand. Upon it, indeed, all other creeds are founded, and while many of them seem rather extravagant in detail, yet no man can be he'd in censure for his honest convictions. Last summer at Lake George I met a delightful Indian from Lahore and we talked of Brahmin ism and the Ramayana. It was not book-talk. He was telling, from the standpoint of a believer, of the incarnations of Vishnu and just what an educated Brahmin believes, and was extracting from the sublime epic those articles of faith which are essential creed. Sitting on my kned was a small boy of that unfortunate species which seems incapable of being awed by anything. He was intensely interested in the Indian's dramatic stories, but he utterly failed to appreciate their religious significance. When my friend told of Rama's magnificent struggles with the demon Ravana in which the god called the menkey, Hanaman, to his assistance, and by means of the monkey's powerful and elastic tail brought rocks from the Himalayas wherewith to bridge the sea, the small boy's eyes stood out in wonder. He fetched a long sigh when the story was done and piped out: "If I had a tail wot I could let out and take in that-a-way, I'd wrap it aroun' the boiler of Cap'en Mose Finkel's steamboat up there on the lake an' tow him down here so quick he wouldn't

now what ailed him !" I tried hard not to laugh for I could see that my Hindoo friend was shocked, but he had to forgive me a light grin. Now, that was the way in which a sublime religious miracle struck the mind of Young America. A few weeks later I heard a distinguished clergyman use these words: "I therefore declare it to be a truth of revealed religion that baptism is necessary to salvation"; and I wondered what my Brahmin with his notious of a Deity heroic and a humanity all loving and a system in which eternal happiness is purchased by virtuous and valorous living, would have thought

Belief is so much and so evidently the result of education that dissidence must never be mistaken for depravity, and any comments in this column upon that form of faith which makes such miserable creatures as the Diss Debars possible must not be considered as directed in any offensive way against Spiritualism. True it is that a more uncomfortable faith is difficult to imagine than that one is liable at unseemly hours to be visited by shadowy guests whose presence is neither welcome nor accountable, but then if people must believe it, it would be in violation of the spirit of the age to hold their faith to their discredit. Spiritualist was ever more sincere or more convinced than the late Judge Edmunds, and his legal decisions, if anything, were clearer and sounder after he espoused Spiritualism than before. Certainly they were just as much respected. I have in mind a lady of wealth and education, much devoted to the pleasures of society and in no way given to absurdities, who has often and solemnly assured me that she has many times received visits from her son, who was my schoolmate. She says he appears to her always when her mind is troubled and seems to caress her, and often when there is no ostensible reason for his coming.

It is rarely upon such people as these, however, that the sharpers and adventurers of the Diss Debar type play their swindling games. Their victims are ng the superstitious rather than the religious, and right here in this city of progressive thought and free done him that service they do to every man whom | schools, in this age of common sense and enlightenment. they do not crush. He may or may not have in | they openly ply their trade. We have laws to punish | neo thieves, forgers and other knaves who make a go upon the stand for such a purpose. living out of people's credulity, but the "seventh son of the seventh son" goes merrily on with his idiotic enchantments and pulls in the earnings of servant girls and silly people who want the aid of spirits to get them out of scrapes, without let or hindrance.

Had the Diss Debar confined her impositions to this class of willing subjects, she would probably have kept out of trouble, but when she began to wind her net about such a golden victim as Luther R. Marsh, her cupidity got the better of her discretion. She is a ge good-looking creature, everywhere superabundant as to flesh, with black oily hair and a face upon which rests an expression of the most serene and placid impudence I ever saw. Her claim to be the daughter of Lola Montez and King Ludwig is a sad libel on that dark, light-footed beauty, and if spirits are capable of resentment as well as of art-work, Lola should make the Diss Debar pay heavily for such a flagrant outrage. Even a royal harlot might be supposed to have a certain pride of posterity, and Lola ought not to rest under this imputation.

The Diss Debar's examination at the Tombs last week was highly exciting. An audience had collected such as that grim building rarely contains. There seemed to be few persons present who from their man-ner or appearance could be suspected of entertaining a spiritualistic faith. There were twenty or thirty women, well-dressed and more or less agreeable to look at, but they showed only an amused interest in the Diss Debar. Generally speaking, the friends of Mr. Marsh stopped away. They probably did not wish to witness his humiliation. Lawyers and guests of that curious legal firm whose senior partner is conduthe prosecution composed the audience mainly, mak-

ing up an intelligent and attentive crowd. The entrance of the Diss Debar was somewhat dramatic. The bell in the Tombs courtyard sounded out five times. The heavy from deer which opens from the court room upon the Bridge of Sighs was thrown wide upon its hinges and an officer in uniform stood on either side of the doorway. At this moment big Mr. Howe and little Mr. Hummel pushed their way through the crowded room and took their places at the prosecutor's table. Justice Kilbreth, a remarkably handsome man for a police magistrate, stepped in from a side door and ascended the bench. when all these formalities, carefully arranged before hand by those clever fellows, Howe and Hummelwho are bound to make their first appearance as prosecutors under circumstances which shall cause it to be remembered-had been gone through in the way most calculated to excite interest, four officers entered with chairs crying, "Fall back! Room for the pris-oners!" Had the Diss Debar been a Minister of State on trial for high treason, she could not have commanded a more painful attention. The prison bell sounded out again louder than before, and ceded by a member of Byrnes's staff, she made her stately entrance. She gathered her fat form up to all the height of which it was capable. She held he head higher in the air and marched, rather than walked, with measured step, to the seat assigned her. Her husband, or whatever else he is, " General" Diss Debar. a small, weak, harmless-looking man, clad in black garments, brown kid gloves that fit him as if his hands had shrunk considerably since he bought them, and an air of profound melancholy, took the second seat. Then came the Lawrences, father and son, who were discharged on Friday for satisfactory reasons no doubt, though the evidence against them, if unrefuted, clearly shows at least their passive interest in the plot. They are an odd-looking pair. The old man's pallid face, hairy and gray, with bright, keen eyes under shaggy white brows, does not imply any want of intelligence. Whatever else he may be, he is nobody's fool. The young man is just as hairy and

all the rest of her over-produced body, it is shaky with fat-but the eyes of her! They are bright as crystals and the works them indefatigably. She can make them talk as plainly as if their gleams were tongues. They say whatever she pleases. Now thy rest in placid quietness like a sunbeam on still Now they look upward, clear through the ceiling into the blue heaven, so trustfully, so pleadingly, for she is praying or communing with the spirits, and when engaged in that bit of silly hypocrisy which she drops into whenever any incident calls the audience's attention to her, she looks as meek as a nun. But when Mr. Howe's rather ragged but most damaging sattre cuts into her soul, her eyes look wicked

narrowly escaped being handsome. But his thick dark

hair and beard, taken with his light blue eyes, give him

The Diss Debar's face is worth examining. [1]

a queer expression.

and she giares at him as if she would give worlds to mix a little strychnine with his claret. When a witness drops some particular hurtful piece of evidence, she hisses "Liar!" "Villain!" "Devil!" through her teeth, lifts her brows and brings them together in a frown so quickly that you almost expect to hear them snap, and darts gleams of malice at him thick and fast.

Anna Salomon, or Messant, Anna O'Della Diss De-bar, Editha Lola, Princess of Montoz, you are not pretty, nor cunning, nor sweet. You have not the pretty, nor cunning, nor sweet. You have negraces of a nymph, nor the nobility of a goddess. lack that softness that we love so much in women, that daintiness of manner, that mellowness of voice, that cute agility of movement. In fact, Princess, you are pudgy, and you roll somewhat on your feet, but you know what your eyes are for, Princess, and you have them well in hand. I wish Colonel Fellows could make it convenient to

e present on Tuesday when the examination is continued. He would learn something to his advantage, something he has failed to acquire during all the long years he has been drawing a salary from the city as one if its District-Attorneys-how to conduct a prosecution. At least, if they did not learn it, he would see it do and the effect of this spectacle upon him, even if transitory, might do the city some good. He would see a prosecution in which nothing is taken for granted, nothing is lost, no opportunity of making a point is permitted to escape; in which incidents are presented perfect order and with a sharp regard for dramatic effect; in which every detail of the evidence has been studied up and its weight judged with accuracy, and every phase of the law presented with clearness and authority. This may seem loud praise to bestow on Howe & Hummel, but I hold that the writer who does not praise justly cannot be depended on to accuse honestly. These men are doing the city a great service. They are probably well paid for it by the friends of Mr. Marsh who retained them. And right here it should be said in passing that it is a shame to require the private prosecution of this wretched adventuress. Her offences are far greater upon the community than upon the unhappy man who is her chief victim, and the city's own officers should have hunted her down. The compensation is that whereas she might, and probably would, in that event have escaped, she will now unabtedly pay the penalty of her knavery. She has obtained her last celestial painting.

The appearance of Mr. Marsh upon the stand was the most melancholy spectacle of a fine mind wrecked I ever witnessed. His face shows the high order of intelligence which he has always been accredited with, but it is plainly marked now with the traces of this strange lunacy. Its weakest place is about the mouth which is always slightly open. He appears to be in a semi-somnolent condition when in repoe, and his small eyes are constantly shut. On the witness-stand, however, he was in perfect possession of his faculties, apparently, and answered all questions fluently. He s a natural orator, and his reading of the suppor messages from St. Anthony of Padua and from Peter the Apostle was given with all the finish of an experienced public speaker. This last message was very long. It took fifteen minutes to read it and yet he said it "came" in less than two. It was a poor, weak composition, sermon-like in tone, and very harm-ful to the reputation of Peter as an author. During the reading the Diss Debar listened as if in rapt attention, nodding her head solemnly at its commands and exhortations and bowing humbly at every mention of the sacred name of Christ. Now and then, when he spoke of tribulation, she sighed and touched her handkerchief to her eyes, and when he read the promises that the arm of God was mighty to deliver His saints from the malicious hands of their persecutors she would smile rapturously looking upward, her bosom heaving as if with joyful, trustful emotion and her lips moving inaudibly. This struck some people humorously and they laughed, but I thought it shock-

ing and disgusting.

Then he told of how the pictures "came," describing all unconsciously a hundred instances of opportunity for the ordinary illusion work of the prestidigitateur. There wasu't a single case mentioned which even a fourth-rate magician would consider clever. but he declared then and there that he believed them spirit paintings and messages from another world.

The Diss Debar fell neatly into one of Mr. Howe's ricks. He brought a magician right there into court, alive as ever to virtue of dramatic incident, and had him bring a spirit message. He did it skilfully. Nobody was able to see where or how he substituted his written paper for the blank one. The trick angered the Diss Debar mightly and she called out, "Let him perform the trick with me!" Now, that, of course, was just what Howo wanted. She sailed up to the stand and the magician handed her his paper. the took it, held it up before the audience, tore a little piece from the corner and said, with an air of triumph, "Now, do it if you can !"

"O, ho !" cried Mr. Howe, "you're on to it, hey ?" She retired in confusion, perceiving for the first time, that in showing that she knew the trick herself, she had "given herself away." It was stupid of her, but it was far more stupid of her counsel to let her

ROSINA VUKES WITHOUT A PIANO.

HER PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

"It is strange," said Miss Rosina Vokes, "how some times a 'property' or a piece of furniture of the utmost importance in a performance will be forgotten by every-body, star, manager, actors and property men. I had a singular and decidedly worrying experience of this on Monday last, when we began our season at Daly's. We left Chicago on Saturday night after the performance, on carsal at 4 o'clock, and we looked at the sets and ran brough a few lines and tried the songs and dances with the orchestra. Nobody, however, thought about a plane for the 'Pantomime Rehearsal,' and, as every one who has seen that knows, the plano plays an indispensable part, for it is played on a great deal. At about half-past 6 when I got to the theatre, it was suddenly discovered that there was no piano in the theatre. It might be thought an easy thing to hire a piano here, but let any one try it after the stores are closed and he will be likely to change his opinion. We tried vainly in several directions, and at last my husband succeeded in perrowing the one belonging to the Racquet Club. Fortunately, the "Pantomime Rehearsal" was the last piece, and the instrument was here in ample time, but I was on pins and needles till I saw it on the stage."

"What further novelties have you in store?" inquired the reporter.

"The most important is an entirely new piece in one act, which is a buriesque of all the modern sensational society dramas. It will be called "Ghastly Manor." or "Manner," with the sub-title "Blood Will Tell." There are only six people and a servant. Each has a terrible secret, nearly every one commits his or ker own particular and special murder, and at the end everybody has been killed except the hero and heroine. There are no comedy parts, and the dialogue will be spoken with the most intense seriousness, even where it is inter-spersed, as it is freely, with atroclous puns. I play the heroine and do all the sensational feats and fall into the regulation attitudes of the society drama, including the rolling off sofas and most thrilling tumbles. There will he bits in imitation of many plays, but I shall not attempt to mimic any particular actress. All the parts are good and strongly contrasted, and my company is delighted with Of course the thing is a complete experiment and will be either a great success or an utter failure. The idea was originally put in form by an English writer, but it has since been reepstedly worked over here. I shall also appear in 'The Rough Diamond,' the dialogue of which has been greatly modernized, especially that of Lord and Lady Plato. Mr. Morris will play Cousin Jos. Then I have a very pretty little first piece, 'Which is Which ? in which I do not appear, and several others that we have tried this season."

" Do you intend to keep to one-act pieces?" "I think so, unless by chance I should get some ex-traordinarily good three-act farce or comedy. As a rule, however, an author's funny ideas don't hold out for three acts. Take 'The Schoolmistress' as an example. If it had been in two acts, as was easily possible, it would have been bright throughout, but the third act was almost superfluous and nothing could keep it from dragging. The public, I believe, likes the variety of a three-piece bill. It is like having a three-course dinner instead of a solid meal off one joint.

" How long will your season here be?" "We have the theatre positively for four recks, with the privilege of as many more a we wish, and if the weather should keep cool we shall weeks. play as long as the patronage warrants, and from present indications that will be very liberal. We have never

before done so well here."

"Are you going to England for your summer holiday?"

"Probably not, as I have just taken a flat here and am going to have my first experiences of housekeeping in this country. I have been living so long in hotels that I think I shall enjoy the change, and I am as a child who is going to have an extended. pleased as a child who is going to have a new toy. Perhaps, like the child, I may end by breaking up my toy and dispelling all its illusion. We had one disappointment in our opening here in not being able to present one of our company, Miss Eleanor Barry, who was taken ill in Chicago and had to be carried to the train. She is, however, rapidly improving, and, I hope, will soon be able to appear. Next year we shall begin our season in September, much earlier than usual, which shows that I am not afraid of the belief that the election will

Mrs. Anglays (to recently imported butler)—Simp-kins, I am going to give a dance Tuesday, and I would like you to assist in the supper-room. Simpkins—Sorry, mum; himpossible, mum, we 'ave harranged to 'ave a swarry dansanty in the servants' 'all on that very hevening.—Town Topics.

AT CLEMENCEAU'S TABLE.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL CRUMBS GATH-ERED AT BREAKFAST.

OM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TPIRU (%) The last Ministerial crisis was well and quickly got through. One of its effects has been to give M. Clemenceau a great position as an "officiable" man, and to transfer him from the leadership of a forlorn hope of opposition into the championship of the Government. He made a hard race for the Speakership, and there was between him and M. Meline a dead heat, solved in favor of the latter, because he was three years the senior "It's all my grandfather's fault," cried M. Cle menceau. " My mother wanted to marry four years earlier than she did. He wouldn't let her, but kept her engaged all that time. I was born in less than a year after she was married, and had she had her own way I should now be two or three months older than my rival. Hang the old grandfather! Fil never pray again on his grave, for the bad turn he has done me!"

But I have many times heard M. Clemenceau since say that he is glad he is not Speaker. I can't conceive him lending himself to the daily ceremonial with which Mr. Speaker is conducted from his residence to the Chamber. A colone goes with a company of soldiers to fetch him, and under their escort he is taken as though he were a State prisoner to the Chamber. drummer beats out a rub-a-dub-dub when he places himself under the protection of this military force, and another as it is quitting him. M Clemenceau is no posturer, hates solemnity and can never resist the temptation to throw off any bright saying that rises to the tip of his tongue. He is delighted at the place he now holds in the Chamber. I never saw him in such happy spirits as he was last night at a little dinner party to which his eldest daughter made him come This morning I breakfasted at his house at a jolly repast given in honor of Herr Szeps, the fatherin-law of M. Paul Clemenceau (the statesman's brother), who had come by express to congratulate him on his changed position. Herr Szeps is a great printer and publisher, and is Editor of the "Tagblatt" of Vienna. A joyous planist, M. Chamvert, or Herr Grunfeld, was of the company. He is one of the lions of the musical world, and was the merry man of the party. He has just come from a tour in Russia. When he was at St. Petersburg the Czar would have him accompany His Imperial Majesty's trombone playing. Alexander III. is a melomaniac. The Czarina was described as the most charming little woman in or out of Europe. The breakfast took place in a beautifully fit-

ted-up dining room, in the style of the early Valois. The furniture was of richly carved oak. Oak ledges with small balusters ran along the surbase panelling at the top and near the cornice. They served as dressers for old-fashioned plates and other curious pottery. Porte fleurs of a quaint character, fastened on each side of the panel rising from the chimney piece, were filled with spring garden bloom. In a wide, square projection of the renaissance kind, with small colored panes, stood plants with fan-like leaves and large green-house ferns. The table was prettily decked out. The pianist sang and laughed and ate and drank heartily, and asked for two helpings of roast fillet of beef, and again at dessert of baked apples. At dessert a brass kettle and two teapots of fantastic form of the brown Bokhara stone-ware were placed on the table. A spirits of wine lamp set the kettle to steaming. M. Clemenceau then made tea for all the company and poured it out. wife and her two younger children were in La Vendee. Mile. Madeleine had remained in town to prepare to pass an examination for a teacher's diploma. She was dressed in dull red stuff made like a polonaise and trundled up over a black petticoat. Her dark skin and her features are of singular delicacy, and she has fine dark eyes and a most lady-like expression. Madame Paul Clemenceau, a lively little thing, slender, small and agile, and not looking at all matronly, was engaged in a succession of small practical jokes on the great orator, and he in giving her tit for tat. While the meal was going forward M. Albert, the youngest of the three brothers Clemenceau, entered. He is a nice, good young fellow, and is engaged to a daughter of M. Paul Meurice, the devoted old friend of Victor Hugo

and one of his literary executors. dejeuner there was a ga in the next room. M. Clemenceau then took me into his study, which the architect continued up from the fifth floor to the garret to give plenty of room for book shelves. An oak side-stairs communicates with two galleries, so that books can be stored away to a great height. In the centre of this room is a norseshoe renaissance table of the Italian style in light oak. M. Clemenceau, when reaging or writing, sits in a swivel chair in the centre. The seat and back a 'special,' which overtook the regular train, which had of this article of furniture are in carved oak of started about three hours carlier, and we got in New-Yerk a little before noon on Monday. I called a reshell. This home is at the top of a five-story. house, but the ascent is by a lift, unless one pre fers to mount a hansdomely carpeted stairs in square case and squarely made. I know of no more charming home. Were the worst to come to the worst, M. Clemenceau could make a fortune

as an art-upholsteber. In the study he told me that the Government has no other resource than to go ahead in the path of reformation and trust for strength to the country. Its enemies are to be gathered to battle under M. Rouvier and M. Ribot, the latter of whom, though a severe moralist, does not object to work in the same team with that shady personage. Of course, Baron Mackan, the acting leader of the Royalists under the figureheadship of the Due de Larochefoucauld, will be in the combination of the two R's against Radicalism. A syndicate of resistance is as good as formed. Should it get the better of the Ministry, I don't know what may or may not happen. A great pull will be given to the Boulangists, who now call themselves the 'Party of National Disgust.' There must be a deadlock on the triumph of reaction. The Senate is dead set against the Cabinet and would never join with the President to dissolve unless to keep the advanced party, of which M. Floquet is a member, out of office But it would join with what heart it has in a dissolution to enable the Ferryites or Orleanist

of the Centre to manage the general elections." E. C.

MUTILATING BOOKS IN LIBRARIES.

Free lending libraries are not, of course, free in the sense that everybody who comes along has the privilege of stepping in and drawing a book. That ides is clearly impracticable. In order to get the privilege of obtaining books from such libraries, one must have an introduction that furnishes a fair guarantee of his or her respectability Although the conditions are liberal, it is not often that any one who has obtained the privilege abuses it. Now and then such a case does happen. One of the free libra-ries of Brooklyn-there are four of these now-has just had an experience of this nature. When one of had an experience of this nature. When one of Blanche Willis Howard's novels was taken out the other day, the taker soon returned is and showed that the book had been cut in two places, two or three paragraphs being gone in one place and a page and a half in another. On comparison with a complete copy, it was found that the missing parts were among the most southmental in the It was at once surmised that the mutilation volume. It was at once surmised that the mutilation had been done by a young girl or by a peculiarly ship young man. The responsibility lay between two or three of the latest readers, and it is safe to say that one at least of them will be debarred from the privilege of drawing books from that library in the future. Meantime the book has been fairly well restored, the excised parts being written with a type-writer—" typograph," to use the word suggested in The Tribune a few days ago—and

pasted in. An instance of mutilsting books occurred in an educational institution in this city a few years ago, one of the students being guilty of cutting volumes in the library. works were destroyed in this way. young man was discovered and quietly told to go The matter was not made public, and so a scandal was asyed. The expelled student was told, however, that if the authorities ever heard of misbehavior on his part thereafter they would promptly expose him. The necessity of doing this has not yet arisen.

AN UNSUSPECTED NEWSPAPER THIEF.

From The Chicago Tribune. A policeman tells the following story: "I read the other day of the arrest of two boys for stealing morning papers from the yards where they had been thown by carriers. That reminds me of a rather funny experience I had some years ago when I was walking a beat in the southern part of the city. A paper-carrier came to me one day and told me that somebody wastealing the papers left on a certain doorstep every morning before the subscriber got a chance to see them. The gentleman living in the house had, it appeared hauled the carrier over the coals and accused him of not giving him his paper. I concluded to watch the house and see who it was that was stealing the papers, for I was satisfied that the carrier was telling the truth. The next morning I saw the carrier throw the paper in the yard, and I concealed myself on the opposite side of the street to await developments. In few minutes I saw a big black Newfoundland deg climb over the fence from the adjoining yard and pick up the paper in his mouth. He then jumped over the same fence and ran through to the back yard. The next morning I waited for the canine thef and gave him a reprimand with my club, and ever after that he let the papers alone."

ANTIQUITIES AT STAMBOUL

IF, IT IS NOT ALEXANDER'S TOMB, WHOSE TOMB IS IT?

THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 30.

The sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, said to have been discovered at Sidon, with the veritable body of that worthy monarch still intact, has not yet arrived at this city. In fact, the report of the discovery seems to rest on more than doubtful grounds. A new find of sarcophagi has been made at Sidon. One of the new relies is of great magnificance of sculpture, and contained the body of a king, and his jewels. The reasoning which assigns this sarcophagus to the great Alexander seems to be this: No other monarch could possibly have been deemed worthy by his surviveing retainers of such a tomb and of such rich surroundings. The question convincingly put to all doubters is: If it is not Alexander's tomb, whose tomb is it?

Although the report telegraphed to the four quarters of the globe seems to lack other support than the wish of the authorities, and although Turkey has no indigenous archaeologist capable of solving a problem of disputed identity where the claimant is a corpse of some 2,200 years, one may be too rash in attempting to declare that this new find at Sidon does not include the tomb of the conqueror of Darius. Possibly there may even be proof which the authorities will not offer to a foreign inquirer, since reticence on a point of interest is often regarded to be inseparable from official dignity, and that not only under the Crescent. Possibly the diadem and armlet studded with jewels, said to have been found in this tomb, may furnish a clew that cannot well be produced to the outside world, since these jewels have been handed over to the private collection of the Sultan. The only fact in regard to the matter which can be relied upon is the fact that the curator of the Imperial Museum, in this city. hopes that the new sarcophagus is that of Alexander.

The museum at Constantinople is becoming place of some importance, owing to the collection from Sidon already brought to be placed in it, It; is of recent development. To the popular mind in Turkey a stone is a stone, and if it has any sculpture or inscription on its surface which suggests the hand of the infidels of the period before Islam, the removal of such blemishes adds to the value of the stone for any legitimate use. Hence the European antiquarian has in times past been allowed full liberty to carry off whatever he has thought fit. The recent idea of having a collection of antiquities in this city has grown up out of a desire to be in the fashion, and perhaps even more out of a desire to provent the Europeans from possessing articles found in Turkey to which, for some inscrutable reason, they attach a high value. A museum collected under such circumstances must be of a disappointing character. The building itself is a small pavilion in the

grounds of the Seraglio and is externally decorated with blue and white tiles bearing Arabic inscriptions of great artistic merit. The building was erected by Mahomet II. the conqueror of Constant tinople, in the year 1466. The grounds about the place are ornamented with fragments of columns, bits of statuary, altars, tablets of law, etc., and it is in this plebeian company that the great boxes, containing the sarcophagi found at Sidon last year lie, in the open air, but themselves closed to the eyes of visitors. Eight or nine months have passed since these treasures were brought to this city, and since the foundations were laid of the new hall intended to receive them. But the new hall has not risen above its foundations, and the Turks are apparently waiting for something to turn up the money to build the hall. Meantime the scholars of all the world are impatiently of billiards | waiting for a sight of the marbles. The effect of the solicitude of the Government to preserve these sarcophagi has been simply to prevent any advantage from their discovery. Near the boxes from Sidon, on a pile of garden rubbish, is a sarcophagus newly brought from Macedonia, which is of fine marble and is very finely ornamented on its two faces. Under the veranda of the museum is a hodge-podge of Greek tombstones, Genoese armorial bearings from the walls of Galata, and fragments of statuary from anywhere and everywhere. On the veranda at the left is a huge Hercules from Cyprus, strongly carved from a calcareous stone, whose chief interest to the Turks is the fact that it was taken from General di Cesnola at the moment when he was about to remove it from the Empire. Within the builds ings are a few Assyrian bas-reliefs, a small assorts ment of Egyptian mummies, and a great abundance of disfigured and very mediocre statuary, the leavings of the days when lucre carried every good thing into the hands of the European antiquity hunters. The really valuable possessions of the museum, aside from the articles already mentioned are a fine Thracian hunting piece; a fine head of Medusa, which was found on the site of the Forum of Constantine in this city, and which suffers from the necessity of being viewed close at hand; a large sarcophagus, which local archaeologists would have us believe once contained the body of Euripides; and a heroic statue of Hadrian, brought from Crete. There are also one or two very good bronzes, and some good specimens of Hittite inscriptions. Among minor relics is the upper jaw of one of the serpents forming the brazen column which stands in the Hippodrone of the old city, and which was made from the armor of the Persians slain at the bate

> On the whole a visit to the museum is disappointing, the articles are cramped and ill-arranged, and the catalogue is meagre and almost as misleading as the declamations of the attendant, who explained to me in confidence that a Jupiter Ammon in black basalt was "the Prophet Alexander os Macedon." On the floor of one of the rooms of thoemuseum now lies a pine box, resembling in shape a pauper's coffin. It contains the body of a King found in one of the Sidon sarcophagi, and awaits the time when the Turkish treasury shall be rich enough to build the addition in which the Sidon exhibit is expected to be arranged There is no peace to his ashes, for every traveller who passes through the building rests his foot, as a matter of course, upon this rough pine box, while he listens to the explanations of the guide. Whether the poor King's name and state will ever be known, and whether, in fact, his body will ever have a more suitable resting place, is one of the problems of the East. When it is solved perhaps, we may learn more as to the reported discovery of Alexander the Great.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WHITEBAIT.

From The Boston Heraid.

On the bills of fare of many of our first-class dining hotels and restautants will be found at the present time this line: "Whitebalt, 60 cents." And those who are in the habit of frequenting the market and looking at the good things provided by a bountiful nature for the purpose of tempting the appetite and affording sustenance will not fail to see boxes full of a very small and silvery fish labelled "whitebalt," which are sold at the modest price of 81 a pound, though it must be said a good many of them weigh a pound. Although given the name of whitebalt, they are by no means given the name of whitebalt, they are by no means the whitebalt proper, the great fish of an English in ministerial dinner, but are rather the spawn of the whitebalt proper, the great fish of an English in linisterial dinner, but are rather the spawn of the caplin. They are found in the greatest quantities on the shores of Prince Edward Island and Newton and the states of the Gulf of St. Lawfoundland, and in the waters of Long factories. The caplin is alled to the smelt, and with the rence. The caplin is alled to the smelt, and with the rence. The caplin is alled to the smelt, and with the rence. The caplin is alled to the smelt, and with the rence. The caplin is alled to the smelt, and with the rence. The caplin are fine in flavor, and has a slightly not, however, so delicate in flavor, and has a slightly not, however, so delicate in flavor, and has a slightly for the state. In Newfoundland vast quantities of the stands of barrels are dried and salted, and exported sands of barrels are dried and salted, and exported to spain, Portugal and the West Indies, where they say a favorite article of consumption, by many being preaction and the stands of barrels are dried and salted, and exported to the red hereing. In the waters of Trinity formed to the red hereing. In the waters of Trinity for the water of Trinity formed to the red hereing. In the waters of Trinity formed to the red hereing. From The Boston Herald.